They haue their wisedome, by their wit to loose.
Ner. The ancient saying is no heresie,
Hanging and wiuing goes by destiny.
Por. Come draw the Curtaine *Nerrissa.*

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Where is my Lady?
Por. Heere, what would my Lord?
Mess. Madam, there is a-lighted at your gate
A yong Venetian, one that comes before
To signifie th'approching of his Lord,
From whom he bringeth sensible regreets;
To wit (besides commends and courteous breath)
Gifts of rich valew; yet I haue not seene
So likely an Embassador of loue.
A day in Aprill neuer came so sweet,
To shew how costly Summer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his Lord.
Por. No more I pray thee, I am halfe a-fear'd
Thou wilt say anon he is some kin to thee,
Thou spendst such high day wit in praising him:
Come, come *Nerrissa*, for I long to see
Quicke Cupids post that comes so mannerly.
Ner. *Bassanio* Lord, loue if thy will it be. *Exit.*

Enter Salanio and Salarino.

Salan. Now, what newes on the Ryalto?
Salar. Why yet it liues there vncheckt, that *Anthonio* hath a ship of rich lading wrackt on the narrowe seas; the Goodwins I thinke they call the place, a very dangerous flat, & fatal, wher the carkasses of many a tall shippe lie buried, as they say, if my gossips report be an honest woman of her word.
Salan. I would shee were as a lying gossippe in that, as euer knapt Ginger, or made her neighbors beleeue she wept for the death of a third husband: but it is true, without any slippes of prolixity, or crossing the plaine highway of talk, that the good

Antho.

Anthonio, the honest *Anth*
to keepe his name compan
Salar. Come, the full st
Sal. Ha, what saist thou
Salar. I would it might
Salan. Let me say Amen
prayer, for heere he comes

Enter S

How now *Shylocke*, what n
Shy. You know, none s
Of my daughters flight.
Salar. That's certaine, I
That made the wings she
Salan. And *Shylocke* fo
fledg'd, and then it is the
Dam.
Salar. That's certaine,
Shy. My owne flesh and
Salan. Out vpon it old
Shy. I say my daughter
Salar. There is more d
then betweene Iet and Iu
there is between red wine
whether *Anthonio* haue h
Shy. There I haue anoth
who dare scarse shew his
vsd to come so smug vpon
he was wont to call me vs
wont to lend money for a
bond.
Salar. Why I am sure i
what's that good for?
Shyl. To baite fish wit
feed my reuenge: he hath
million, laught at my loss